



FIVE MINUTE THOUGHTS – FUNERAL JOY

by Max Porter

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FUNERAL JOY

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Perry – 53

I have just been to my funeral.

Truly.

No, it's ok. Don't worry. I'm not dead. Not even ill, so far as I know. Pretty fit as it turns out.

Let me explain.

For years I have pondered what my own funeral would be like. Who would come? What would be said? Would people be crying? Would people I didn't want to be there, turn up? What excuses would people use for not being there?

Obviously, when the time comes, I won't know. I won't care. Will I?

I set about the task with the grudging consent of my wife. After nearly 30 years of marriage she is used to my quirks and eccentricities. She tolerates. Enough said.

We were watching an episode of some TV cop drama – there was a funeral of an officer who had died in the line of duty – oh, that might have been the show – I forget. People offered thoughts, reminiscences, anecdotes. People cried. Cried a lot actually.

A conversation was sparked. My wife, rolling eyes, listened to my witterings. One thing lead to another. Here we are at the wake! The proviso for everyone involved was that I wouldn't actually attend. So, it's been fed down the line and I am watching remotely. In the next room.

What a strange experience.

Can you believe that some people actually cried? Wow. What will they do when I really do die?

I have had to promise that I won't take issue with anything that was said, though why my best friend, Gareth, had to bring up my love of rom-com movies I will never know. And I don't think that it was necessary to resurrect my brief flirtation with naturism – it didn't end well, when I was cautioned for indecent exposure – I was in my back garden. Not overlooked! At least never used to be but I had forgotten the house in the next street had installed a loft room for their kids. Obviously it got a laugh – that's Gareth for you.